

NIGHTWING

#39

“BY FORCE OF ARMS”

STORY, CHUCK DIXON
PENCILS, SCOTT McDANIEL
INKS, KARL STORY
LETTERS, JOHN COSTANZA

DARREN VINCENZO, IN YOUR FACE!

PAGE ONE

SPLASH

We're at the same place we left off.

Mexican stand-off between Pettit and his guys and Huntress and Nightwing with Barbara somewhere in scene if you can fit her in. But mainly we have Nightwing and Huntress seething with disdain for one another as guns are pointed at Nightwing.

TITLE: ***BY FORCE OF
ARMS!***

NIGHTWING: YOU'RE SIDING WITH PETTIT AND HIS BULLIES NOW, HUNTRESS.

HUNTRESS: THE RULES HAVE CHANGED, LOVER. IN FACT, THEY'VE BEEN ERASED.

HUNTRESS: YOU AND YOUR GOODY-GOODY PALS ARE OVER.

PAGES TWO AND THREE

INSET PANEL ONE

A SWAT guy in full armor and mask points a rifle at Barbara who sits back from her keyboard with folded arms and an angry smirk.

SWAT 2: HANDS **OFF** THE KEYBOARD, LADY.

SWAT 2: WE'VE HAD A **GUTFULL** OF YOUR LITTLE SNARES.

BARBARA: OBVIOUSLY **YOUR** SUBSCRIPTION TO *WIRED* RAN OUT.

I DON'T NEED TO **TOUCH** ANYTHING.

INSET PANEL TWO

Barbara in close up smiles darkly as she speaks. She has her eyes squeezed tightly shut.

BARBARA: TYNDALE.

BARBARA: CANSECO.

BARBARA: WINTERGREEN.

BIG SPREAD

A brilliant flash of light fills the room and turns everything into stark black and white. No color. Nightwing is jumpkicking Pettit to one side as Huntress and the rest react to the terrible pain stabbing at their eyes right about now. Barbara calls out from her workstation. The guy by her is clutching his eyes and calling out.

HUNTRESS: **OH!**

PETTIT: **unnfh!**

SWAT 3: **GAAAAH!**

SWAT 2: **MY EYES!**

BARBARA: **NIGHTWING!**

NIGHTWING: NICE **MOVE**, BABS!

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

The brilliant light is gone.

Babs has one of those telescoping batons like Secret Service guys use and she whaps the poor blinded SWAT 2 across the knees with it doubling him over.

BARBARA: YOU **MENTIONED** YOU WERE HAVING YOUR MASK LENSES POLARIZED.

BARBARA: I **HOPE** YOU DID.

SWAT 2: ***AAAAGH!***

PANEL TWO

Nightwing is on the move and shoulders a still blinded Huntress into some furniture.

NIGHTWING: SURE **DID**.

NIGHTWING: LOOKS LIKE **MISSY** HERE DIDN'T **GET** THAT UPGRADE.

HUNTRESS: YOU---***aaah!***

PANEL THREE

Pettit, eyes staring and pupils dilated to pinpoints, rises from the floor with blood trickling from his mouth and his M-16 held meaningfully.

PETTIT: YOU WIN **THIS** ROUND!

PETTIT: BUT IT AIN'T **OVER**, SMARTGUY!

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

Nightwing has leapt to tackle Barbara and send them both rolling away from her main computer array as bullets crash into to from off panel. A still blind SWAT 2 is crawling in a panic.

BARBARA: HE'S **CRAZY!**

NIGHTWING: THEN YOU **UNDERSTAND** THE SITUATION, BABS.

PANEL TWO

They sail through a doorway with a few stray bullets clipping bits off of the bricks around it.

NIGHTWING: YOU GOT ANY **MORE** BELLS AND WHISTLES?

BARBARA: DOES ZESTI HAVE **COLA**?

NIGHTWING: **ATTAGIRL!**

PANEL THREE

Pettit's rage is passing as he rubs his eyes in pain, the smoking rifle in his fist. A gloved hand is reaching for his shoulder.

PETTIT: LOCK THIS PLACE **DOWN!**

PETTIT: THEY **WON'T** GET BY US **AGAIN!**

PANEL FOUR

Tight shot. Huntress pulls his head back by the hair from behind and she hisses in his ear as she holds a slim throwing dagger to his throat. They both look like they belong on a National Geographic special on predators.

HUNTRESS: LISTEN UP, PETTIT.

HUNTRESS: YOU'RE GONNA GET ONE OF **US** KILLED WITH THAT COWBOY STUFF.

PETTIT: I'M COOL, HUNTRESS.

PETTIT: IT'S JUST I **HATE** THOSE MASKED PUNKS.

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Huntress releases Pettit as his boys recover around him.

PETTIT: THEY'RE ADVENTURERS. THEY PLAY AT FIGHTING CRIME.

PETTIT: MAKES ME SICK. JUST LIKE GORDON. LIKE YOU CAN GO TOE-TO-TOE WITH EVIL AND KEEP YOUR SHOES CLEAN.

PANEL TWO

Pettit in close shot slapping a new magazine into his rifle. He scowls.

PETTIT: WITH GOTHAM TURNED WILDERNESS ALL BETS ARE OFF. THEY DON'T GET THAT.

PETTIT: BUT YOU WALKED AWAY FROM THOSE FREAKS. YOU GET IT, HUNTRESS.

PANEL THREE

Huntress' eyes narrow in a closeshot.

HUNTRESS: I GET IT, BILLY.

HUNTRESS: AT LEAST I'M STARTING TO.

PANEL FOUR

Barbara is at a smaller computer station in a windowless, block-walled room. Very spartan. She taps keys in the glow from the monitor.

BARBARA: THIS IS MY "SAFE" ROOM.

BARBARA: I CAN STILL RUN THE HOUSE FROM HERE. WHAT'S WITH YOU AND THE WITCH?

PANEL FIVE

Slice panel. Bab's looking from the corner of one eye with alarm.

BARBARA: DICK?

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Barbara turns in alarm to see Nightwing seated on the floor looking weak. She's touching his forehead.

BARBARA: **DICK!**

NIGHTWING: (WEAK) I'M OKAY, BABS. JUST TIRED.

BARBARA: OH MY **GOD!** YOU'RE BURNING **UP.**

PANEL TWO

Nightwing smiles weakly. Barbara looks confused.

NIGHTWING: IT WAS NOTHING.

BARBARA: **WHAT** WAS NOTHING?

NIGHTWING: ME AND HER. HUNTRESS.

NIGHTWING: (LINKED) BIG MISTAKE. WAY OVER NOW.

PANEL THREE

Barbara smiles wryly.

BARBARA: I COULDN'T **TELL** THE WAY YOU **CLOCKED** HER.

BARBARA: HER AND PETTIT ARE **POISON** TOGETHER.

PANEL FOUR

Babs is turned to her computer array. The monitor is divided into a grid with different views of Pettit and Huntress and the SWAT guys lurking around the Clocktower.

BARBARA: NOT SURE **WHAT** THEIR GAME IS. PETTIT MUST FIGURE I'M A BARGAINING CHIP WITH MY DAD.

BARBARA: HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THE WHOLE **ORACLE** THING.

BARBARA: BUT HE KNOWS I'M THE "BRAINS" OF THE ex-G.C.P.D. THESE DAYS.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

She smiles as she taps keys on the laptop.

BARBARA: NOW, I ROLL OUT THE WELCOME WAGON.

BARBARA: THEN YOU AND I GET **OUT** OF HERE.

PANEL TWO

A shot of the monitor on her laptop. It's divided into four screens.

One one we see Pettit shouting as gas billows around him. In another his boys hold hands to their ears and drop their guns and appear to be in agony. In another Huntress leaps into the air as an electrical field sends coruscating bands of electricity across the floor. In another SWAT guys dive for cover as rubber projectiles fire at them, bouncing off of them.

ELECTRONIC: **PETTIT HERE! GAS MASKS ON!**

ELECTRONIC: **MY GOD! THAT NOISE!**

ELECTRONIC: **CUTTING INTO MY HEAD LIKE A KNIFE!**

ELECTRONIC: **DAMN! SHE ELECTRIFIED THE FLOOR!**

ELECTRONIC: **SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT US!**

PANEL THREE

Barbara has Nightwing by the hand and leads him toward an elevator door at the rear of her safe room. She has that laptop on her...lap.

BARBARA: I RADIOED MY DAD. WE JUST HAVE TO HOLD TIGHT.

BARBARA: HOW **YOU** HOLDING UP, SOLDIER?

NIGHTWING: (WEAK) ALL IN ALL, I'D RATHER BE IN **BLUDHAVEN**.

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

A shot of Blockbuster's house.

FROM A LOWER PART OF THE HOUSE: IT'S **NOT** GOOD NEWS, MR DESMOND.

FROM SAME PLACE: IT DOES YOU NO GOOD TO **STALL**, DOCTOR.

PANEL TWO

Blockbuster stands in his robe and his heart monitors attached. That Doc who's been treating him stands by him. There's medical/science equipment along one wall. Another wall is the bars of a large cell or cage. This is a basement room. No windows.

DOCTOR: THE *DNA* IS **CLOSE** BUT NO MATCH. YOU'D **REJECT** A HEART FROM THIS DONOR.

DOCTOR: I'M SORRY.

BLOCKBUSTER: **HOW** CLOSE?

PANEL THREE

Blockbuster looms over the Doc's shoulder looking at printouts from a computer.

DOCTOR: **REMARKABLY** CLOSE. BUT NOT ENOUGH TO ALLOW ANTI-INFLAMMATORY DRUGS TO OVERCOME THE DIFFERENCE.

BLOCKBUSTER: **SPECIES** SPECIFIC DIFFERENCE OR JUST **THIS** INDIVIDUAL?

DOCTOR: I REALLY CAN'T **SAY**.

PANEL FOUR

Blockbuster and the Doctor turn at an off panel voice.

OFF PANEL: YO.

OFF PANEL: (LINKED) YOU **GOTTA** MINUTE?

BLOCKBUSTER: WHAT IS IT **NOW**, GRIMM?

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

LARGE PANEL.

Grimm., the super-gorilla from the Batman JLApe Annual sits in a large easy chair inside a cell. There's a television and VCR and stacks of tapes. All gangster movies. SCARFACE, LITTLE CAESAR, THE GODFATHER, WHITE HEAT. Blockie's at the bars grimacing at the ape who sits relaxed. The ape wears a T shirt and running pants.

GRIMM: THIS CABLE RECEPTION **STINKS**, DESMOND.

BLOCKBUSTER: I'M SORRY THE ACCOMADATIONS DON'T MEET WITH YOUR **APPROVAL**.

BLOCKBUSTER: I **MIGHT** BE WILLING TO IMPROVE THEM WITH SOME HELP FROM YOU.

GRIMM: WHAT CAN I **DO** FOR YA?

PANEL TWO

Blockbuster as seen through the bars.

BLOCKBUSTER: YOU SPOKE OF A **CITY** IN WHICH MORE OF YOUR KIND DWELL.

BLOCKBUSTER: WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO **LOCATE** THAT CITY FOR ME?

PANEL THREE

Grimm leans back in his chair to look over his shoulder with a grin.

GRIMM: I **THINK** WE MIGHT BE ABLE T'WORK SOMETHING OUT.

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

Pettit is loading a grenade launcher. He's looking pissed.
Huntress shout from behind him.

PETTIT: FREAKIN' HOUSE IS ALIVE.

HUNTRESS: WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GRENADE
GUN?

PETTIT: I'M GONNA KILL IT!

PANEL TWO

Pettit crouches and lets fly with a grenade and it explodes in a room with tremendous force. His own guys dive for cover in the foreground as the concusive wave of the blast sends shit flying.

SWAT 2: PETTIT!

SWAT 3: JEESH!

PETTIT: I'M GONNA BLOW ITS HEART OUT!

SFX: ***PLOK!***

SFX: ***BRAAAAAAAAM!***

PANEL THREE

Barbara holds Nightwing's hand and they both look up at the roof of the elevator as dust rains down on them.

BARBARA: MY GOD, THOSE MANIACS ARE GOING TO BRING
THE PLACE DOWN.

NIGHTWING: IT'S OKAY, BABS. WE'RE SAFE--

PANEL FOUR

Same sized panel as above but it's all black now except for the glow of Nightwing's mask lenses.

TAILLESS BALLOON: --IN HERE.

REVISED PAGE

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Pettit still holds the smoking grenade launcher as Huntress grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around. The place is dark now except for flames from where the grenade went off.

HUNTRESS: YOU **MANIAC**! YOU'LL **KILL** THEM! YOU'LL KILL US **ALL**!

PETTIT: YOU GONE **SOFT** ON ME, HUNTRESS.

PETTIT: SO **WHAT** IF WE KILL THEM? THEY'RE IN THE **WAY**!

PANEL TWO

She's nose to nose with him and REALLY pissed. He's returning her anger with every ounce of venom.

HUNTRESS: THEY'RE ON **OUR** SIDE. YOU MAY NOT LIKE THEIR STYLE BUT THEY'RE ON OUR **SIDE**.

PETTIT: MAYBE THEY **WERE**. BUT NOW THEY'RE PART OF THE **PROBLEM**.

HUNTRESS: WHEN DO **I** BECOME PART OF "THE PROBLEM", BILLY?

PANEL THREE

Pettit lets fly with another grenade with a mad look on his face. Huntress steps away from him looking uneasy.

PETTIT: I DON'T HAVE **TIME** FOR THIS DISCUSSION RIGHT NOW!

HUNTRESS: YOU'VE **LOST** IT!

SFX: ***PLOK!***

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Nightwing is kneeling and holding Babs tight in the darkened elevator. She holds one of those glow sticks, the kind you snap to get glowing. More dust rains down on them.

SFX: *brrrrrrrrmmmmmm*

NIGHTWING: WE CAN'T STAY HERE, BABS.

BARBARA: BUT THE **POWER'S** DOWN. THIS ELEVATOR'S NOT GOING **ANYWHERE**.

PANEL TWO

Nightwing stands and looks up at the exit door in the elevator ceiling.

NIGHTWING: WE CAN CLIMB.

BARBARA: I'M NOT SURE I CAN **DO** THAT, DICK

NIGHTWING: YEAH...

PANEL THREE

He looks at her and she smiles bravely in the gloom.

NIGHTWING: NEITHER AM **I** IN THIS CONDITION. I'M A LITTLE **SHAKY**.

BARBARA: BUT WE HAVE TO **TRY**.

NIGHTWING: **THAT'S** MY BABS.

PANEL FOUR

Huntress is throwing herself backwards and firing off a half dozen throwing blades at us as she does so. Her eye lenses glow green.

HUNTRESS: YOU'RE **CERTIFIABLE**, PETTIT!

REVISED PAGE

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANELS ONE THROUGH THREE

Huntress and some of the other guys look in dismay as the grenade takes a few bad bounces off the walls and ceilings and heads back toward them trailing smoke all the way.

HUNTRESS: PETTIT...

SFX: **KONK! KONK! KONK!**

PANEL TWO

Huntress is half-diving/half-thrown into a room on the blast from the grenade.

SFX: **BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!**

HUNTRESS: ughh!

PANEL THREE

Pettit shouts madly as he loads another grenade. One of his guys speaks to him. It's dark with only the glow from the tiny fires from the blasts to light the scene.

PETTIT: MASKED POLLYANNA. SHE SHOULD LEARN TO **DUCK**.

SWAT 2: WHAT DO WE DO NOW, PETTIT?

PETTIT: WE **HUNT**.

PANEL FOUR

He turns with night-vision goggles on and rifle in hands to stalk through the smoking wreckage he caused.

PETTIT: WE TOOK AWAY THE CRIPPLE'S **POWER**.

PETTIT: THE **BAT'S** BOY IS WOUNDED.

PETTIT: THEY'RE **OURS**. IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE **KILLING**.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

Nightwing is atop the elevator with feet braced and pulling Babs up through the hatch on top of the elevator car. He has a grip on her wrists and pulls her up. He's straining.

NIGHTWING: unnh!

BARBARA: THIS ISN'T GOING TO **WORK**.

NIGHTWING: IT—unnh—**HAS** TO!

PANEL TWO

He's crouching and holding her with a grip on the elevator cables. Babs is seated with her legs down through the hatch.

NIGHTWING: WE CAN'T JUST WAIT HERE AND LET THEM FIND US.

BARBARA: I CAN PULL **MYSELF** UP THE CABLES.

BARBARA: CAN **YOU**?

NIGHTWING: GIVE ME A SECOND.

PANEL THREE

Nightwing sits and smiles weakly at Babs who smiles back.

NIGHTWING: IT'S **ALWAYS** LIKE THIS, HUH?

BARBARA: YOU MEAN WITH "US"?

NIGHTWING: EVERY TIME WE GET CLOSE.

PANEL FOUR

Barbara smiles sadly as she speaks. Nightwing winces.

BARBARA: WE WERE A REAL HOT **ITEM** BACK THEN AND---

BARBARA: **BANG**.

NIGHTWING: IT DIDN'T HAVE TO END THERE BABS.

PANEL FIVE

He touches her face tenderly and she turns to him smiling.

NIGHTWING: IT DIDN'T END THERE FOR **ME**.

BARBARA: **OR** ME, DICK.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Looking down the shaft from above at Nightwing and Babs looking up in alarm. A figure has opened the doors above. Nightwing has a batarang in his fist.

FIGURE: **HATE** TO BREAK THIS UP--

BARBARA: DAMN.

NIGHTWING: **YOU!**

PANEL TWO

It's Huntress. She leaps into the shaft with one of her throwing blades in her fists. Figures with glowing nightvision goggles rush up from behind her.

HUNTRESS: NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.

HUNTRESS: THEY'RE RIGHT **BEHIND** ME!

PANEL THREE

She lands crouching by them. With the blade in hand. Nightwing is crouched with the batarang held defensively. Barbara has her collapsible truncheon in hand.

HUNTRESS: PETTIT'S **LOST** IT. WE'RE IN THIS **TOGETHER** NOW.

BARBARA: WE'RE SUPPOSED TO **TRUST** YOU?

REVISED PAGE

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

Huntress, with an intense look, slashes out and cuts the cables with a small spurt of sparks struck off the metal.

HUNTRESS: LIKE YOU HAVE A **CHOICE**.

HUNTRESS: GOING **DOWN**.

PANEL TWO

Look down. Some of Pettit and some of his goons are at that opening and fire down the dark shaft striking sparks from the walls and structure of the elevator. The corners of the elevator smoke as the brakes come on beneath. Huntress and Nightwing and Babs are atop the elevator car. Nightwing is tossing a batarang upwards as the elevator slides away down the shaft.

NIGHTWING: HUNTRESS---YOU'RE **CRAZY**!

HUNTRESS: AND YOU **LOVE** ME FOR IT.

HUNTRESS: THIS THING HAS **BRAKES**, RIGHT?

REVISED PAGE

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

The gunsels hanging down the shaft blazing away stumble back as the batarang caromes off their guns.

PETTIT: unnh!

SWAT 4: **OW!**

PANEL TWO

Some SWAT goons head down a firestairs.

ELECTRONIC: PETTIT HERE! THEY'RE HEADING DOWN THE SHAFT TO THE BOTTOM!

SWAT 4: YOU **HEARD** HIM!

SWAT 4: **MOVE!**

PANEL THREE

The elevator is at the bottom of the shaft and Babs wheels from the drifting smoke and dust with Nightwing behind her and Huntress holding the door. Babs has the laptop open on her lap again.

NIGHTWING: WHERE TO **NOW?**

BARBARA: MY **GARAGE**. IT'S JUST AHEAD.

HUNTRESS: WHO **PAYS** FOR ALL THIS?

PANEL FOUR

They roll and run down a narrow block-walled hallway toward a steel door set at the end of the hall. There's some sections of grating in the floor.

BARBARA: I MANAGE TO FIND FUNDING.

HUNTRESS: WHERE?

BARBARA: I CALL IT A **SIN** TAX. THOSE WHO SIN PONY UP.

REVISED PAGE

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Those SWAT goons explode from that steel door at the end of the hall with guns held out and ready.

SWAT 4: WE **GOT** 'EM!

ELECTRONIC: HOLD 'EM THERE!

PANEL TWO

Nightwing and Huntress and Babs are caught flatfooted as the goons stand holding guns on them.

SWAT 4: NO FAST MOVES, PEOPLE. WE'RE **ALL** OUT OF PATIENCE.

HUNTRESS: WHAT **NOW?**

PANEL THREE

Downshot into the hallway. We see that the goons are all standing on a section of grating as they near our heroes.

SWAT 4: **YOU** STILL HAVE A CHANCE, HUNTRESS.

SWAT 4: PETTIT'LL STILL KEEP YOU IN THE GROUP BUT YOU HAVE TO MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICE.

SWAT 4: ALL OF YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM.

PANEL FOUR

Nightwing and Huntress stand with hands held visible. Nightwing frowns and Huntress stares daggers off panel. Babs smiles a knowing and secret smile.

BARBARA: NOT A PROBLEM.

BARBARA: MALORY.

BARBARA: RIPKEN.

BARBARA: PEPPERMINT.

REVISED PAGE

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

The goons look quite surprised as the grate drops out from underneath them and they fall into darkness below.

SWAT 4: UH?

PANEL TWO

The goons drop about twenty feet into a deep and rushing sewer tunnel.

PANEL THREE

The goons crew are carried away by the current.

PANEL FOUR

Babs wheels forward smiling with Nightwing and Huntress following.

NIGHTWING: AN ENGLISH SCHOLAR. A BASEBALL GREAT.
AND—

BARBARA: A FLAVOR OF GUM. I NEEDED THREE WORD COMBOS I'D NEVER SAY BY **ACCIDENT**.

HUNTRESS: NICE **MNEMONIC**, GEEKGIRL.

PAGE TWENTY ONE

PANEL ONE

Babs wheels through the steel door into a garage area where her black Hummer is parked. She's pointing off panel. Nightwing and Huntress step into the garage behind her.

BARBARA: YOU CAN HIT THE BRICKS **ANYTIME**, HUNTRESS.

BARBARA: THERE'S A DOOR THAT LEADS OUT TO LOCUST STREET.

PANEL TWO

Huntress turns to Nightwing with a slight smile. She stands close to Nightwing. Babs is looking on.

HUNTRESS: WE MADE IT THROUGH THE FIRE AGAIN.

NIGHTWING: I'M GLAD YOU MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.

HUNTRESS: DID **YOU**?

PANEL THREE

Huntress grips Nightwing's face and plants a liplock on him that curls the paper it's printed on.

PANEL FOUR

She moves off toward the darkness leaving him looking stunned.

HUNTRESS: SEE YOU AROUND.

NIGHTWING: yuh-YEAH.

PANEL FIVE

Nightwing's eyes are narrowed. Babs smiles wryly behind him.

NIGHTWING: SHE'S **STILL** DANGEROUS, BABS.

BARBARA: IN MORE WAYS THAN **ONE**, "LOVER".

PAGE TWENTY TWO

PANEL ONE

She rolls toward the Hummer with Nightwing following. The driver side door is open and a platform has dropped that she can roll her chair onto.

BARBARA: WE'LL MEET MY DAD HALFWAY.

BARBARA: SO HOW YOU **FEELING**?

NIGHTWING: NOT SO GOOD.

PANEL TWO

He sits on the passenger side looking exhausted. Babs puts the Hummer in gear.

NIGHTWING: BUT IT BEATS THE ALTERNATIVE. HOW 'BOUT **YOU**?

BARBARA: WELL, I HAVE AN EXCUSE TO RE-WIRE THE TOWER NOW.

BARBARA: WHERE ARE YOU GOING AFTER **THIS**, DICK?

PANEL THREE

A wide garage door opens at one end of the garage and light creeps in below it as the Hummer rolls forward.

FROM HUMMER: I'VE DONE ALL I **CAN** DO HERE.

FROM HUMMER: (LINKED) I'M GOING HOME, BABS.

FROM HUMMER: AND WHERE **IS** THAT THESE DAYS?

PANEL FOUR

The Hummer rolls down a street strewn with rubble as dawnlight washes over it.

FROM HUMMER: BLUDHAVEN.

THE END

